

A

REVIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF THE

BRITISH NATION.

Saturday, September 13. 1797.

I Have always one Forgery or another to contend with in the Prosecution of this Paper.

Upon the News of the raising the Siege of *Thoulon*, a worthy Spreader of bad News and false News, famous for imposing upon the World, the first Letter of whose Name is Mr. *Dyer*, gives the World this at the Foot of his News-Letter of *August*, 26.

*We are very much dejected upon the Mis-
carriage of the Affair at Thoulon, and the
more because that Project had its Conception
in our Courts.*

This is, *first*, false in Fact; *secondly*, malicious in the Publication, in order to sink the Spirits, and lessen the Hopes of the People in the Affair of the War; and the last Part of it is a meer Suggestion of his own fruitless Head, fruitless in Forgeries,

and forward to speak any thing ill-natur'd upon the present Government.

While Mr. *Dyer* was pleas'd to point his made Stories upon Me personally, as lately in publishing that the King of Sweden, by his Ambassador, had given in a Memorial against the *Review*, and demanded Satisfaction; I let him pass as an insignificant, nothing-saying Libeller: But when he flies in the Face of the publick Peace, I must be allow'd to take Notice not of the Man, for that is not worth it, but of the thing.

And who are they that are dejected at the News of *Thoulon*? First, I'll tell ye who are not dejected; and amongst them are,
1. All those, who know, that whoever makes War, must sometimes meet with Disappointments; and that when one Project misses, another may hit.
2. All those
that

that remember the Expedition to *Cadix*, that when we were baulk'd and disappointed there, and coming away like a Dog with his Tail between his Legs—The *Spanish* Galeons jump'd into our Mouths, and *Vigo* spoils crown'd the *Cadix* Miscarriage with a golden Victory. 3. All those who reflect, that tho' we have not gain'd the Town, we have done them infinite Damages, ruin'd the Place, maul'd their Navy, destroy'd several of their Forts and Batteries, ravaged the Country, and put all *France* into a Consternation; that we have lessen'd their Forces in other Parts, have baulk'd the D. of *Berwick* in *Aragon*, and *Mareschal Villars* on the *Rhine*, and forced them to run away in *Flanders*, and all by obliging them to make large Detachments from their several Armies, harrassing and fatiguing their Troops with prodigious Marches; all this has attended even a losing Voyage— And if the *French* are to put all their Boasts together, they amount only to a rejoicing over, not what they have gain'd, but what they have not lost; not that they have beaten us, but that they are not entirely ruin'd and undone.

And after all, what is the present Condition of the Duke of *Savoy*, that we should be so dejected? — Is he fled, and is his Army routed? Is Prince *Eugene* gotten in the *Mareschal De Villars's* Coach, or are his Battalions made Prisoners *à la Blenheim*, or are they not rather still threatening to insult the Frontier Provinces of *France*, and face their Enemies?

And why discourag'd, Gentlemen? Will the *French* fight yet? Will they look Prince *Eugene* in the Face yet? Suppose the *Germans* do make a Retreat out of a Nook of the Country already wasted and desolate, and where they must with Difficulty subsist, where they have no Train of Artillery, and where the Mountains prevent the Passing of their Convoys; Does it follow, that they are fled from the *French* Armies? Let us see where the *French* will pursue them, and when they will fight them: let us see if they give over the general Enterprize, and if they get no Footing this Summer in *France*.

'Tis Time to be discourag'd and deject-

ed, when the *French* are Masters of the Field, and when the Imperialists are flying to Shifts; if you are dejected, Gentlemen, pray look back to the last Years Campaign, and tell me, what a Difference have we in two Summers; the other Year the Imperialists driven quite out of *Italy* at one End, and this Year the *French* beaten quite out of *Italy* at the other; last Year the *French* threatening the Mountains of *Trent*, and this Year fortifying the Mountains of *Dauphiné*; one Campaign invading the Empire, and the other defending *France*.

Are these then Circumstances to be dejected in? Have we not all the *Milanese*, the *Mantuan*, *Parmesan*, all *Piedmont* and *Montferrat*? In short, have we not all *Lombardy* snatch'd out of their Hands, and driven them into their close Quarters in the Mountains; and is this a Time of Day to be dejected in? No, no, Gentlemen, the Confederates are far from being dejected at this Disappointment, nor is there any true Reason to be dejected.

I'll tell you who are dejected, and they have some Reason to blush and be silent.

1. Those forward Men that thought it was Nonsense to speak of the Siege of *Tboulon*, as a thing of above a Week's Work; that bully'd the *French*, as People to be frighted out of it, and were for marking Men, because they could not follow their foolish Measures; that Towns, and Fleets, and Docks, and Forts, were to be taken for demanding, and that *French* Armies were of no Signification to defend them; that huff'd every Body that shook their Heads at the Enterprize, and counted all Men Cowards that talk'd of Difficulties; These were the Men that storm'd every Post, and attack'd every Guard, with the Fire of Tobacco, and the Smoke of *Rhodomontade*; that took Towns Pipe in Hand, in the *Coffee-Houses*, but knew nothing what belong'd to defending advanc'd Posts, against resolute Sallies, storming Intrenchments, standing exposed to a numerous Artillery; these People indeed ought to blush and be dejected. And indeed, Gentlemen, if you were to see how ridiculous your Way of discouraging these things is, you would be like

like the Devil, that they say was frightened, when he saw his own Picture in a Looking-Glass; certainly, nothing is more contemptible and ridiculous, and all the Advantage I know of it is, that it afflicts Men to expose themselves in the World, a thing some Gentlemen have really no Occasion for at all; but I must confess, there are another Sort of People, that really ought to be dejected and discouraged at this Disaster, and if this nauseous News-writer means these, he is in the right, and these are the Wager-Merchants.

These are a Sort of Arithmetical Gentlemen, who by Calculations, Casting up of Circumstances, deducting and allowing for Contingencies, dividing between Time and Strength, offensive and defensive, bring Causes and Consequences perfectly into Mathematical Demonstrations, and can tell you to so many Days, Hours, Minutes, &c. how long a Town will hold out, how many Days open Trenches, how many Hours after the taking a Redoubt, and how many Minutes after a Counterscarp.

These are the cunningest People that ever were heard of; they can tell us, that when a Town has no Provisions, they are in Danger of being lost for Fear of Starving; that if the Garrison wants Ammunition, they cannot stand a Storm; they will tell us in Case of a Siege, that either the Town will be taken, or that sometime or other the Siege will be rais'd; in short, like the Man that told the Shepherd how to know when a Sheep had the Rot, viz. When he shak'd himself to pieces; so they can tell when the Defendants beat the Chamade, they have certainly a Mind to parley.

It is strange to me, that these conjuring Fellows could not tell, that when a Town could not be invested, it would be hard to besiege it—That 40000 Men never took a Town in this World with 20000 Men within it; much less with that Number in the Town, and more to defend it without.

Complete Wizards these were certainly, that were sure a Town would be taken before it was besieged, and ventured their Money upon a Day, which if they had had any Guts in their Brains, they might have

known, was sooner than the Confederates were before it.

Indeed these Men have Reason to be dejected, that lay'd three to one of the taking a Town, which if they had been to ask Prince Eugene about, he would certainly have lay'd three to one the other way; for which reason 'tis plain from the first View of the Town, and by all the Steps taken in the Process of it, neither the D. of Savoy or Prince Eugene ever design'd a formal Siege, after they found the French Army entrenched under the Cannon of it, but to see if they could come at the Town or the Ships to bombard and destroy them.

Let these mad Men blush and be dejected, and if they deject no body else, there is no Harm done; few People will envy them; the just Mortification which is the Debt of their own ridiculous Conjectures—Let them cry out of Delusion and Disappointment, such People ought to be disappointed.—And really the Judgment, which they pass upon Actions, is no small Detriment to the general Notions, People either have or ought to have of these things; who, that frequented Exchange Alley, would ever imagine, but *Tbouzon* was to be storm'd the next Day, when Men gave 75. Guineas to receive 100, if taken? Would any Man imagine that this Town had 20000 Men in it, that it had a Communication with a gathering Army, and an enterprizing General, and that it could not be invested? It was far more rational to think it was reduced to the last Extremity, several of the Out-works taken, and a formidable Superior Army lay before it, that would attack it with all possible Fury.

These are now the dejected People, and I wonder, the very People, who are amused by these adventuring Gentlemen, do not resent it, and expose them; but it is enough they have lost their Money, and their Enemies laugh at them; their own Losses deride them, and they ridicule their own Conduct best.

Were these Mens Losses the worst that was sustained by this Disaster were this the greatest Cause of Regret, we should be very merry upon this Head; but upon the whole I am sorry we have not gotten *Thouzon*;

lon; I am sorry we have not entirely sub-
jected the French Tyranny to just and se-
curely limited Bounds: But I am not at
all the less expecting that we shall yet do
it; and far from being discouraged or de-
jected upon this Disappointment, for indeed
I see no Cause for it.

They therefore that heighten our Fears,
fight for our Enemies; it is the Nature of
English Men not to be discourag'd at Losses;
Bold Britains never despair, I'll tell you a
short Story.

At the great and terrible Battle of Lut-
zen between the Great *Gustavus Adolphus*,
another Sort of a Hero, perhaps than a Gen-
tleman some People would march with him,
and the Imperialists—After the Battle was
declining, and the Imperialists began to
draw off, and the Obstinacy of the Fight
had made both sides willing to give it over,
Picolomini an Imperial General came in to
the Imperial Army with 8000 fresh Men;
this so heartned them, that they began a-
gain; the Swedes who were faint, tho'
victorious, and thought all was over, hear-
ing the Drums beat a fresh to the Charge,
finding the Work to do over again, the
Soldiers were heard to encourage one an-
other, thus, *Ab Comrade, what must we fall
on again! Well, if we must do it, let us
do it heartily, and make a Day of it. I leave
the Application; Gentlemen, be not dis-
couraged; if we must fight our Blenheims
and our Ramellies over again, let us do
it heartily, and make Work of it—*
Fear nothing, the Swedes fell on again at
Lutzen, and with an incredible Fury drove
the Imperialists Army out of the Field—Let
us fall on again heartily, we shall drive
them all out of the Field, let no Man be
rejected.

N. B. 'Tis the unhappy Circumstance of
this Paper, in discussing of Matters of
this Nature, to come out at least a
Fortnight after the things it relates to
are known in London, and so by the
contingent Alteration of Affairs, may
sometimes seem unseasonable; the Rea-
der is therefore desired to consider the
Time of Writing, and the Author's Dis-
tance from Intelligence, when it so falls
out.

ERRATA.

REVIEW, N^o. 64 P. 255. Col. 1.
l. 44. for *Mons Castle*; r. *Mons Cassel*.
N^o. 65. p. 258. col. 1. l. 3. for *and I come*;
r. *and so I come*; ib. l. 41. for *Dorea*; r.
Denia; ib. col. 2. l. 1. for *Barcelona*, r.
Roussilion; p. 259. col. 2. l. 5. dele *appears*;
l. 10. r. *places where*; l. 35. dele *at least*.
N^o. 66. p. 263. col. 1. l. 51. for 15000,
r. 50000; ib. col. 2. l. 48. for 15000, r.
50000. N^o. 83. col. 1. l. 37. for 300, r.
3000.

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